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MRS. JOHN BAUDIS MURDERED AT SCOTIA FOUND IN FIELD WITH THROAT CUT

District Attorney Runkle, Coroner Huff, Sheriff Hurley and Chief of Police Dukeman at Scene of Crime--First Believed Woman Had Committed Suicide--Her Husband Shot and Killed Himself Some Weeks Ago.

Mrs. John Baudis, of Scotia, was brutally murdered nearby her home at that place on Sunday night.

Her body was found in a field, about 300 feet from her home, with her throat cut from ear to ear.

The only motive that can be attributed for the fiendish crime is that of hatred or revenge.

It was at first supposed that the woman had committed suicide, but District Attorney Runkle and Coroner Huff, who spent today at the scene of the crime, accompanied by Sheriff Hurley and Policeman Dukeman, pronounced it cold-blooded murder.

Mrs. Baudis' husband shot and killed himself at Williamsport a few weeks ago. He was despondent owing to business troubles. He operated a merry-go-round and had met with frequent reverses. It was because his widow had been melancholy over his death that many persons at first believed she had taken her own life. The investigation made by the officers, however, developed sufficient evidence to warrant the statement that in their judgment a foul murder had been committed.

While the officers have their suspicions as to the identity of the murderer, they decline to disclose the name of the person in question. They do not deny that their suspicions point to a man who had frequently quarreled with the murdered woman.

Mrs. Baudis is about 51 years old. She is survived a little by daughter and three sons, one of them employed at Unionville. The other children have been living at home.

According to the story told to District Attorney Runkle, Coroner Huff and Sheriff Hurley, Mrs. Baudis was stricken down shortly after 7 o'clock in the evening. She had been over the hill, at Scotia, visiting neighbors during the late afternoon and was returning home when the crime was committed. She passed the shop of Joseph Ghaner, the Scotia shoemaker, and passed a remark or two, then continuing on her way home. This was the last she was seen in Scotia.

About 7 o'clock in the evening one of Mrs. Baudis' children heard her scream and call for help. The child ran out of the house and in the direction of the scream, coming across his mother's prostrate body lying at right-angles across the path in a little corn field. To reach her home the woman had crossed the mud dam, then through a little piece of woods and was walking through the field, supposedly, she was seized from behind, hurled to the ground and her throat cut.

Dreams of Genius.

An interesting book might be written on the subject of the dreams of genius. Stevenson maintained that much of his work was only partially original. His collaborators were the brownies who ran riot through his brain during the hours of sleep. He instances the case of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." "I had long been trying to write a story on this subject," he writes, "to find a body, a vehicle for that strong sense of man's double being which must at times come in upon and overwhelm the mind of every thinking creature. For two days I went about racking my brains for a plot of any sort, and on the second night I dreamed the scene at the window and a scene afterward split in two, in which Hyde, pursued for some crime, took the powder and underwent the change in the presence of his pursuers. All the rest was made awake and consciously, although I think I can trace in much of it the manner of my brownies."—London Chronicle.

Opportunities and Limitations.

The world is full of opportunities. The world has a place for all kinds of people. If a man reck no higher than pickax or hod, but be industrious, the world can use him. The opportunities for the man who has spent the least time in school, getting only the practical studies, are better and higher than come to him of the lad, but such a man soon reaches his limit. He is on a short ladder. The one who has laid the foundation of a broad general education as well as a technical one has, given intelligence, industry and loyalty, practically no limit to his career.—K. U. Graduate Magazine.

A Hard Problem.

A certain debating society is discussing the question as to which is the angrier, the husband who goes home and finds that the dinner is not ready or the wife who has dinner ready and whose husband does not come home. It is believed that the debate will end in a draw.

George Washington's Sobriquets.

Washington was called by many sobriquets. He was first of all "Father of His Country." "Providence left him childless that his country might call him father." Sicourney calls him "Pater Patriae;" Chief Justice Marshall, the "American Fabius." Lord Byron in his "Ode to Napoleon" calls him "the Cincinnatus of the West." For having a new world on his shoulders he was called the "Atlas of America." The English soldiery called him by the sarcastic nickname of "Lovely Georgius." Red Jacket, the Seneca Indian chief, called him the "Flower of the Forest." The Italian poet Vittorio Alfieri called him "Deliverer of America." His bitter opponents sarcastically called him the "Stepfather of His Country" during his presidency.

Partnership.

Once when I was a little boy I slept out in a barn all night, and it was cold, and I shivered and couldn't sleep. But in the next yard there was a little dog, and he was cold, too, and he shivered. And I got him over in the barn, and we lay down together, and he snuggled up to me, and I snuggled up to him. And pretty soon we were both warm, and we both slept. I had warmed him, and he had warmed me. And so if a fellow snuggles a little hope or a little joy or a little desire or a little beauty close up against his ache, why, pretty soon it has warmed him, and he has warmed it. He is stronger and better and the whole world of hope or joy or beauty or desire is stronger and better for it.—Larry Ho in St. Paul Dispatch.

DEATHWATCH BEETLES.

Their Tapping Stands For Courtship and Not For Warning.

Much mental anguish could have been saved to past generations and some not so very far past if people had known that the mysterious tapping of the "deathwatch" stood for courtship and not death. A writer in the Scientific American explains that the various species of the beetle anobium and their bigger relatives of the genus xestobium not only attack furniture, but so completely riddle the whole woodwork of old houses by their borings as to render the structures unsafe. Indeed, a beam that has been tenanted by these insects for a number of years is little better than an outer shell containing a mass of wood dust. The xestobium is the common deathwatch, while the anobium also is in the habit of making a tapping sound.

The nocturnal tappings of these insects, distinctly audible in a room where there is an otherwise complete absence of noise, has for many centuries been regarded by the superstitious as a warning of the approach of death. This uncanny interpretation of a mysterious sound is scarcely surprising when it is remembered that only in recent years have naturalists discovered its true cause.

The little beetle has been found in some secluded spot, jerking its hard head at regular intervals upon the surface of the wood beneath it. So far as can be told, its rappings constitute a kind of courtship ritual. Obviously they have no connection with the latter end of mankind.

A RAIN OF FIRE.

The Great Meteoric Shower That Scared Folks In 1833.

In Scharf's "Chronicles of Baltimore" there is a vivid description of the starry hailstorm, the fiery meteoric shower, of 1833, and old files of newspapers are made luminous at that date with the impressions of editors and contributors. One writer said it was the grandest and most charming sight ever presented to the vision of man. Awakened from sleep, he sprang to the window, thinking the house was on fire, but when he looked out he beheld stars, or fiery bodies, descending like "torrents." The shed "in the adjoining yard to my own," he wrote, "was covered with stars, as I supposed, during the whole time." Professor Olmstead of Yale college thought that the exhibition was the finest display of celestial fireworks that had been witnessed since the creation of the world, although he, too, while knowing its character, was sufficiently imbued with the theological spirit of the time to believe that it was a solemn portent that carried a divine warning.

One editor whose comment upon this phenomenon was probably more quoted than any other he ever made said: "We pronounce the raining fire which we saw on Wednesday morning an awful type, a forerunner, a merciful sign, of that great and dreadful day which the inhabitants of the earth will witness when the sixth seal will be opened. Many things occurring in the earth tend to convince us that we are now in the latter days."

Not Always.

Teacher (of night school)—What do you understand by the term "life sentence?" Give an example of one.

Shaggy Haired Pupil—"I pronounce you husband and wife."—Chicago Tribune.

We can do nothing well without joy and a good conscience, which is the ground of joy.—Dibbes.

ECCENTRIC PAVING.

Louis XIV. Covered One Courtyard With Silver and Gold.

Many interesting instances of individual eccentricity or extravagance in the selection of material for paving streets and roads may be cited. It is related that when Maximilian Emanuel succeeded to the throne of Bavaria he celebrated the event by causing one of the roads leading to his palace to be paved with plates of burnished copper. This, gleaming in the sunshine, gave all the effect of the more precious metal—gold.

We are told also that Louis XIV. paved one of the courts at Versailles with squares of silver, each of which had recorded upon it some triumph of the French arms. In the center of the court stood a large tablet of gold in representation of the luxurious monarch's favorite emblem, the sun. Memoirs of the time of Louis make mention of a lodge erected to the love of his youth, the fair Louise de la Valliere. The approach was paved with mirrors wherein was painted an allegory setting forth the undying devotion of the king to Louise.

An eccentric nobleman of Milan conceived the idea of paving the courtyard of his palace with slabs of marble, granite and other stone, each from a different land. It is said that Europe, America, Asia, Africa and Australia all contributed materials to make up this quaint mosaic composed of more than 1,000 pieces, every one of which was suitably inscribed with the name of the country or state whence it came.—Harper's Weekly.

WITTY TOASTS.

Humorous Hits That Have Helped to Enliven Banquets.

A publisher once gave the following: "Woman, the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

This is fairly seconded by a youth who, giving his distant sweetheart, said, "Delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence and treacle stand appalled."

Further, in regard to the fair sex, we have: "Woman—she needs no eulogy. She speaks for herself." "Woman, the bitter half of man."

In regard to matrimony some bachelor once gave, "Marriage, the gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted ground and returns to earth."

At the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple some wit wished them "unspeakable bliss."

At a supper given to a writer of comedies a wag said: "The writer's very good health. May he live to be as old as his jokes."

From a law critic: "The bench and the bar. If it were not for the bar there would be little use for the bench."

A celebrated statesman while dining with a duchess on her eightieth birthday in proposing her health said:

"May you live, my lady duchess, until you begin to grow ugly."

"I thank you, sir," she said, "and may you long continue your taste for antiquities."—London Tit-Bits.

A Curious Relic.

A curious relic of Louis XVII. is the "game of dominos" made of pieces of the Bastille which were given to the dauphin before he and his parents left Versailles forever. It is said that when the box containing it was brought in the queen exclaimed to her bedchamber woman, Mme. Campan, "What a sinister plaything to give a child!" The sinister plaything is with other revolutionary objects preserved in Paris.